

The Result of Hope by **flawlessphoenix**

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Summary: A monster left behind by Rita sends the Rangers back in time to the 80s in the town of Hawkins. In search of the other rangers, Billy finds Jason. Or at least a dead ringer for Jason... Crack crossover. (some angst) Billy Hargrove/Billy Cranston; Billy Cranston/Jason Scott.

The Result of Hope

A/N: Somehow I fused crack and angst (a 1st for me). This was supposed to be more so humorous crack but the angst was a pushy one.

I don't know how this crossover happened. But here it is. I mean they both have sci-fi and Dacre Montgomery...why not mix 'em?

All seemed to be going back to normal in Angel Grove as what was left of the Putty Patrol began to dwindle in appearances. But Rita Repulsa had one last trick up her sleeve for the Rangers. A fail-safe monster was set in place with the ability to time travel moments before Rita's death to save her from her demise. The Rangers had intervened as the monster charged itself to make the leap in time from their school's power reserves. It's a good thing they all had detention that Saturday for skipping class to defend the small town. You're welcome. Their invention caused the monster to travel further back than needed, taking them along the ride.

Which is how Billy found himself stumbling around a school parking lot after a beam of light from the monster blinded him briefly. He's not only confused by why he's suddenly in the parking lot, a moment ago he was on the roof, but also why the sign reads Hawkins instead of Angel Grove, and why the monster and his friends are nowhere to be seen.

His phone had no signal and his communicator wasn't reaching anyone at HQ. It may not be his high school, but it is a high school, so Billy figures he can ask inside to make a call for help from his friends. And figure out just where the heck is Hawkins. He shifts out of his Ranger suit and walks to the high school.

Traveling further in the parking lot, Billy finds one sole person who from the side looks like...

"Jason?" The person in question looks toward Billy's loud call. And sure enough, Billy can tell even from a distance that it's the red ranger. He wastes no time jogging to his friend. "Jason!"

Once he closes the distance, Billy hugs his friend who stiffens under the embrace and checks the lot for anyone else. Which should've alarmed Billy because Jason had a tendency to be the one to initiate displays of attention with Billy freezing in place from the contact. Recently, Billy has been getting better at being comfortable touching and being touched by his friends, especially when it came to Jason. The hug didn't last long enough for Billy to register that Jason wasn't planning to return the affection. Billy pulls back leaving a small, barely perceptible space between them, clutching on Jason's shoulders for dear life.

"I'm so glad I found you, I can't get a hold of anyone else! I-I tried our communicators. The other rangers are not answering. Same goes for Zordon and Alpha. I can't even get any cell reception! It's like our signals aren't being blocked more like... there isn't technology around for them to respond to. And..."

Billy pauses his panicking rant to step back to assess Jason and finally gives the red ranger some real personal space, taking a step back.

"Jason, uhm, I'm no fashion expert but w-what is with the hair a-and what Zack called once a pornstache and the too tight jeans - I can practically see... shape," Billy whispers as if there's anyone in the empty lot to hear him.

After Billy eyes' betray him with repeated glances, Jason pulls his shirt down to hide his crotch but fails since the shirt was already a size too small. "Hey! Keep your eyes up here. You a damn fairy?"

Billy furrows his brow. "... No, I'm a ranger. You are too."

Jason snorts. "Is that whatcha calling it now? Well, I'm not one... even though my dad might say different."

Billy wasn't sure what Jason meant by that and why he didn't seem to remember what being a ranger meant. Or why his eyes were smoky. All he knew right then was that Jason was acting off and Billy needed the red ranger's help if they were going to get out of this situation. "Maybe if I show you, it'll jog your memory and you'll remember being a Ranger."

Jason gives Billy a long stare like he's deciding something. "Yeah, let's do that. Show me what being a ranger is all about. Maybe I ought to prove my old man right."

But before Billy can show him, Jason grabs Billy's wrist to stop him reaching inside of his pants where he has his power coin hidden in a secret pocket. The team liked to call Billy overly cautious, but Billy didn't think there was a such thing when dealing with secret identities.

"Not here, genius."

Billy looks around the lot and gets the message. "Oh right. We need to find somewhere private."

Jason licks his lips eyeing down Billy's form. "Yeah, we do. Hop in." Jason pats the hood of a car Billy saw him leaning against when he first spotted Jason.

"Jason, did you steal this?!" Billy questions but still does as told.

The question goes unanswered as Jason takes them on a short ride behind a nearby abandoned building out of sight by anyone. The first thing Jason does after parking is place a cigarette between his lips. Before he can flick his lighter on, Billy snatches the cigarette and the pack with wide eyes.

"If you wanted a puff alls you had to do is ask."

"Smoking, really? Could you not? You should know better! I care too much about your health to let you harm yourself like that! It's got nicotine, arsenic, ammonia, formaldehyde - Don't you remember health class, Jason?"

The small smile reminds Billy of the Jason he's more used to. After much time spent with him, Billy has come to recognize it as fondness.

"Fine whatever, don't freak yourself out over me - even my dad doesn't give a shit. Besides, I'd rather have something else between my lips." Jason moves in closer to put his arm around Billy's headrest and is looking intently at Billy's pants, probably wanting to see the power coin Billy promised to show him. He understands that but Billy

still had trouble deciphering Jason's meaning. Before he can figure what else Jason wants between his lips, the red ranger speaks.

"Before we do this I gotta ask why d'ya keep calling me Jason?"

"It's your name." Billy answers like it's the most obvious thing in the world. Which it is. What else would he call Jason other than Jason? Now that they're a team maybe Billy is supposed to call him a nickname. Jay, perhaps? Jace?

"Fake names, I gotcha. What do I call you?"

Billy scrunches his face then recalled the first time he told Jason his name after he saved him in class. Unlike the first time, he decides to stick with 'Billy' and not include any alternatives like 'Crams-ton'. He gets a chuckle in response to telling Jason his name. A joke Billy doesn't get the humor of - it wouldn't be the first time for Billy.

The reintroduction is just another cause to further worry Billy, like Jason not knowing the meaning of a Ranger. "Did the monster do something to your head?"

Billy inspects the red ranger by cupping Jason's face in his hands. The action lets out a shuddering sigh from Jason. It reminds Billy of the first lung full of air after the Rangers made it past the pool of water to Zordon's secret base. The relief of finally being allowed to breathe. Billy doesn't understand why Jason would have that reaction, maybe it's the fresh air after smoking. There was a distinct smell this close to Jason that told Billy he had smoked earlier.

He moves Jason's head side to side looking for any injuries. Nothing.

With the pads of his fingers, Billy strokes through Jason's mop of hair for hidden bruises but only finds too much product in Jason's locks. Billy panics when he notices Jason's eyes are squeezed shut, whimpering sounds coming from the red ranger.

"Are you okay? D-did I hurt you?" He thought he was being gentle.

Jason swallows dryly. "Nah. Feels good to finally have... this. Guess my old man was right. No matter how hard I try..." Jason grips onto the hands loosely entwined in his hair, rubbing his thumbs in small

circles on the warm skin beneath. His eyes flutter half open to meet Billy's, inches apart. "You are... So beautiful..."

"...uh, thanks?" There's a flutter that makes Billy feel equal parts special and confused. He's used to physical displays of affection from Jason by now, but Jason has never expressed himself like this. And he's never seen Jason appraise his lips so much in his life, his eyes seem to trace around the shape of Billy's lips.

Jason takes his sight off Billy for briefest second to turns on the car radio. "Don't want anyone to hear us..."

"Hear what exactly?" The question is met with silence as old classic rock plays over Billy's increased heartbeat.

Billy may not have a ton of experience, or any in fact (that didn't involve spinning a bottle). But even he can tell when a kiss is coming his way. It doesn't take a genius, which he's been called by some, to see the signs. Jason's head drawing in closer. The slight parting of his lips. The ghost of his breath on Billy's lips that feels magnified after Billy licked his own in nervousness.

Becoming friends with Jason Scott, former football star was mind-blowing enough to anyone who knew Billy, even to his mom. But Jason Scott wanting Billy like this... well, after fighting off an alien invasion this really shouldn't be such a shock to the system. But it really, really is for Billy.

One second Billy is internally debating at lightspeed all the reasons why he should move away from the incoming kiss that doing a poor job persuading him in the slightest, and the next second he's being dragged out of the car and into the arms of a fierce hug with... Jason? It is the Jason that Billy knows, with a clean-shaven face and a short (modern) hairstyle.

"I was so worried about you, Billy." Jason's voice is slightly muffled in the crook of Billy's shoulder but Billy can hear the huge relief in his voice.

Billy's surprise at the thought of two Jasons is pushed away to give room to his own relief swelling in his heart and he returns the hug

with just as much intensity. He was still new at public displays of affection and wasn't sure the appropriate amount time for a hug between friends. To help Billy with his problem, Not-Jason decides the hug has been long enough and pushes real Jason away from Billy's arms.

"I don't care if you look like a square, choir boy version of me, you lay your damn hands off him 'cause I don't share or else."

Billy isn't alone in shock over the possessive threat (as well as the fact that there's a second version of Jason), he notices the rest of his team behind actual-Jason mirroring the expression. Well... all but one member.

"Damn, B. The hell did you do to this boy? Got him all whipped on that blue magic." Zack mimed an hourglass shape around Billy's fame, his joke resulted in a firm whack to each arm from Kimberly and Trini.

Despite the warning hits, Zack is having the time of his life cracking up at not-Jason's look and preserves the moment with shots from his phone. Not-Jason is visibly annoyed at being the source of immense amusement but still looks at the phone mirroring his image with curiosity. "Maybe you should give the bangs a try at least. Kinda helps with that forehead." The hardened glare the team sends his way finally shuts Zack up.

Kim took the opportunity to fill Billy in. She kept it simple and clean since they all wanted out the whacky predicament they found themselves in. The monster had sent them back in time to the 80s. After they regrouped and finished the monster off before finding Billy, the remnant it left behind seemed to react to their power coins. Their guess is with the addition of Billy's coin that they'll have enough power to make a trip to their own time.

Simple enough, right?

As Kimberly told Billy how they get back home, Jason wasn't very present in mind, unsubtly staring at his double. Not-Jason stared back with daggers in his eyes.

"So, is this like a relative of yours or something?" Trini regarded the Jason look-a-like with a look of disdain from his outdated (by their standards) style and his definitely-seems-like-an-asshole attitude. The doppelganger reeked of issues that rivaled all theirs combined.

"God, I hope not." Jason regarded the look-a-like with a similar look of disdain that had nothing to do with the outdated look. "He didn't kiss you, did he?" Jason asks once Kim is done.

He must've seen how close Billy and not-Jason were in the car. Of course he did. He pulled him out.

Billy told Jason nothing happened between them and leaves out that he would've let him. Even if the kiss would have had a tinge of nicotine, at least Billy could have known what might've been if Jason felt that way about him.

Jason looks relieved at the answer, which doesn't help Billy not wishing his friends had gotten there a minute later.

Not-Jason tugs Billy away from his friends, not far enough that they won't be able to hear though. "Billy, or whatever your real name is, before you appeared out of the blue I was thinking how much longer can I go on pretending. And how far I'd have to go to convince everyone that I'm... normal." Not-Jason squares his jaw and has the same look Billy's Jason has when he's about to charge into a fight. "Take me with you. I heard your friend and I don't fucking care if it's a one-way ticket, take me where-whenever you're from. I know it's gotta be better than here. I can see how normal us would be in your eyes. It's different from where you're from, isn't it? Please take me. Please. You didn't pull away, I saw it. You wanted it as much as I did."

Billy really wished not-Jason left that last part out or at least pulled them out of earshot of his friends.

But he can't think about his embarrassment right now when Billy looks at not-Jason's face of anguish begging him to take him. Billy is supposed to save people, that's what being a ranger means but this situation... He can't tackle it by morphing and going into battle. He can't bring not-Jason back with them. There's only room for five on

their journey and taking would break every golden rule of every time travel movie. He can't do anything to resolve this situation for Not-Jason.

"I am sorry. Truly. You'll be okay, just - just believe the future will be better because it will. It does get better." Billy does the only other thing he can do and hug not-Jason hoping to pass on enough support and strength needed to carry on.

But not-Jason pushes Billy away forcefully, Jason catches him by the waist. "Fine! Get the hell out of here and go back to where you from, you - you freaks!"

"I'm sorry." Billy repeats.

"Yeah, you are sorry." Not-Jason clenches his jaw and his eyes start to swell with tears.

Billy opens his mouth but closes it. Nothing he says can wash any the combo of hopelessness in not-Jason's eyes and the scowl on his lips.

The team circle around Billy to support their friend, something not-Jason most likely doesn't have in his life. Billy gives one last look back desperately wanting to help. Fingers interlock with his and send Billy's eyes away from the lone figure. Jason gives their joined hands a reassuring squeeze. It's unfair to say that even though not-Jason can't see a hopeful future, Billy can see one in Jason's warm expression.

The Rangers join their power coins together with the remnant of the monster and morph into bright particles of light corresponding to their ranger color to gradually fade leaving nothing but thin air in their exit.

Before Billy left he thinks he heard a broken sob. He can't help but feel worse that he hadn't even learned Not-Jason's real name. Maybe he could've checked on him in the future to see what happened to him.

Billy Hargrove is in his car with his step-sister after picking her from

school and can't help but be reminded of the mysterious time traveler that left him trapped in this small town hellhole with small minded people as he looks at the kid waving goodbye to Max. He doesn't know him, but that look in the kid's eyes. His open friendliness, his caring attitude for a girl who's been here less than a week and a spark of someone who's seen things beyond this world. It all comes crashing back to him remembering looking at eyes like that from someone who looked at him like they truly cared about him, even if it was only because he looked like someone that was worth caring about.

He looks at the lit cigarette in his hand. Why should he care about his health when the only person to ever remotely care was never coming back?

Rage fills Billy knowing he'll never have that again and how he wished he never knew it was possible because now, now he knows someone like that doesn't even exist yet for him. And who knows when they will.

An escape with a beautiful, caring boy to a place where he could be himself had vanished in blue lights behind some abandoned building.

Words pour from his mouth before he can think twice. "Something you learn is there are a certain type of people in this world you stay away from. And that kid," Billy points to the boy, he's even dressed in blue. " That kid is one of them. You stay away from him, Max. Stay away from." Anger is dressed in every word and Billy knows he probably growling a little. He can't fully elaborate but he hopes Max will heed his warning, even if it sounds aggressive and over the top. Maybe if she listens, she won't be burned like he was. She won't feel as though she's suffocating every day with the knowledge of what could've been and can't be because they are born in the wrong time.

And if she doesn't follow his words of wisdom, then he'll be damn sure to keep that kid away from her.

A/N: The piece at the end is really only an explanation for Billy initially seeing Lucas in ep. 4. I can't remember all their interactions so anything after that is...*shrugs*